

SWEETHEARTS DAY AT FORTS

THIS WEEK THERE'S FIGHTING FOR VOLUNTEERS.

The City May Be "Attacked" on Thursday or Friday and the Guardsmen Are to Help Regulars Defend It—An Amateur Gunner Record for the Ninth.

The young men of the three regiments of Coast Artillery Corps, N. G. N. Y., the Eighth, Ninth and Thirtieth, who will defend New York city from attack by sea this week, said good-by to their sweethearts and wives yesterday afternoon at the forts where they are on duty—Hamilton, Wadsworth, Schuyler and Totten. This morning they will be mustered into the service of the United States for a period of hard work, relieved by night attacks that are to be made as near the real thing as the artillery experts can devise.

At Fort Wadsworth the old Ninth Regiment, under Col. William Morris of Brooklyn, received visitors in their camp and held a dress parade at sundown. The Thirtieth Regiment of Brooklyn, under Col. Davis, paraded in the afternoon at Fort Hamilton after entertaining its visitors from town and showing them about the fort. At Fort Schuyler and Totten the Eighth Regiment, under Col. Austin, turned out in its shining dress and buttons for parade before going into the cruel war. Altogether at the forts there are about 3,000 volunteer artillerymen, who will get sharp training this week in problems of coast defense under the Regular army schoolmaster.

The training ran yesterday afternoon could not spoil the tableaux of army life that the regimental commanders arranged for the entertainment and instruction of the civilian friends of their organizations. Probably Fort Hamilton and Fort Wadsworth had more visitors than at any other time in their history. The girls went down from town done up in the fanciest summer gowns they owned and strolled about the forts while the proud militiamen aired their knowledge of military life and explained how the big guns bobbed up and down in their redoubts.

This morning after the musters the volunteers will prepare for target practice at the forts, the expert gunners of the Regular Coast artillery holding classes in range finding, gun pointing and the technique of handling ammunition and loading guns in the swiftest possible style. This afternoon there will be actual target practice, but it is not likely that the full service charges will be fired from the big guns at the nearby forts. Instead projectiles weighing a few pounds only will be fired from small tubes that are inserted in the bores of the big guns. These small projectiles can be fired accurately at targets placed at distances of from 500 to 1,000 yards. All of the actual conditions of full service charges are being trained in speed and accuracy is equally valuable, so the artillery experts said yesterday.

Tonight and to-morrow night the artillery schoolmaster will try to get the volunteer pupils in the handling of searchlights. The big white lights that play over the waters of the bay after dark are the eyes of the forts. Without them in time of real war it would be possible for torpedo boats of a foreign fleet to sneak up, land an invading force, plant torpedoes and play the dickens generally with the section of the coast of America, even sinking a few expensive shells on the skyscrapers of Manhattan. The volunteers will be taught how to manipulate the lights and discover the enemy's night prowlers. The problem will be in general for small boats to get by the forts without being picked up by the searchlights.

The real fun will come next Thursday and Friday nights when the enemy will attack New York city in force, probably by sea and land. It is likely that a landing on Staten Island will be attempted from the New Jersey side, while the major believe torpedo boats of the invaders will endeavor to sneak past the forts conveying cruisers and transports. Major Haan, commanding at Fort Wadsworth, will be ordered to take the offensive probably with his regulars. The Major will lead the section of the coast and launches manned by his own artillerymen and the game will be for him to land inside the lines of defense without being detected by the volunteers on duty at Hamilton and Wadsworth. Then the volunteers will have a chance to show what they can do with the big guns. If they find the attacking fleet with searchlights they will fire on it, and the volunteers will decide whether the enemy is sent to the bottom or has been successful in slipping past the lines.

The defenders of New York will not be told of course at what hours on Thursday and Friday nights the attack will be made. On those nights they will be held on duty, lying on their arms, ready to be called to the guns at an instant's warning from the scouts. A good part of Brooklyn and Staten Island is likely to be roused from sleep any time in the night by the hammering of the big coast defense guns. Much of the training through which the volunteers will be put this week, and which in the opinion of the regular artillery schoolmaster is of the most value, will lack the spectacular and exciting features of night attacks and gun firing. Day by day until Saturday, when the volunteers will enter the line and be hustled along in the plain, hard grind that goes with all tours of duty in camp. There will be practice marches, drills morning and afternoon, practice at range finding, loading and gun manipulation, lectures in the evening by artillery experts, sanitary officers and commissary experts. Most of the volunteers have had a good deal of training along these lines, but some of them are new to the work. Hundreds have to be broken in every year. So far, the regular officers said yesterday, the National Guardmen and their officers have displayed a desire to learn the points of the game and plenty of willingness to work. They were complimented yesterday on the neat appearance of their camps and their all around soldierly appearance. A gun crew of the Ninth Regiment while practicing at Fort Wadsworth yesterday made a record for volunteers, being ready to fire in 25 seconds. The Regular army record is 20 seconds.

REKELLER AT A FUNERAL.

He Follows the Body of Collier Hemenway, His Overseer.

JOHN N. Y., June 13.—Funeral for Collier V. Hemenway, for twelve years superintendent for John D. Rockefeller, were held today at his home on the Rockefeller estate. Mr. Rockefeller and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller attended the services and also went to the St. Stephen's Hollow Cemetery, where the body was interred. Mr. Rockefeller seemed to be deeply affected. He remained to the last and placed flowers on the grave. About three hundred men on the Rockefeller estate attended the funeral. Mr. Rockefeller sent a cross of flowers and his son a wreath.

Want Full Sized Bands on Recreation Pier.

The Musical Mutual Protective Union has made a protest to the Mayor against the withdrawal of five men each from the bands at the recreation pier of West Fifth, Barrow and East Twenty-fourth streets. The officers of the union reported yesterday that Mayor McEllen had arranged to see a committee from the union on the subject on Thursday and hear what it has to say.

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

This is the season of the outdoor shows and the papers devoted to the interests of the "streetmen" and small circus workers are full of advertisements offering for sale or wishing to hire freaks of every kind. Snakes of all sorts, animals with extraordinary talents and Scotch bagpipers are to be had on every side. Some wanters are apparently hard to fill. The advertiser who inserted this felt the need of large type:

WANTED—LADY MIDGET. For 1st Show as smallest mother on earth. We have baby, size, age and send photo. Steady Work.

"Pit show" is the descriptive trade name of the show in which the visitor walks up a short flight of steps and peeks over a railing.

Consul-General Midzuno of Japan is so competent an English scholar and after dinner speaker that he draws upon English occasionally. At a recent private dinner given in honor of Vice Admiral Uriu the Consul-General was called upon to answer a toast. He pleaded for a more general and particular knowledge of his own country on the part of Americans. Said he: "My people that are in Japan in this country is that it is a place of geisha, cherry blossoms and punkies to drive away mosquitoes. As well might I return to my people that are in Japan as a place only the home of skyscrapers, ice water and peach basket hats."

The possibility of having too much of a good thing was shown the other day by a real estate dealer to a man who was eager to dispose of an old fashioned three story house in a good residence neighborhood. "It won't be as easy to sell," said the dealer, "as a two story house. In fact right around here I've known a two story house to bring as much as three story one right in the same block. Why? Because most of our buyers are folks from Manhattan who are tired of living and want a house. As a rule they have but one or two children and the extra floor is useless. It adds to the taxes and water rates and it not infrequently means an extra servant."

The paragraph in THE SUN the other morning telling of the wealthy woman who presents her friends with flowers in boxes marked with the name of her country place reminded me of an experience I had a few weeks ago," said a trained nurse. "At the particular house where I was nursing the milk, cream, butter and eggs were a little better than the best I'd ever known. The butter especially was quite remarkable, and as each tiny oblong served on my breakfast tray had a label that had been given me by the nurse. I was so glad to have a good chance to study the name at my leisure. I looked in vain through the telephone book and the business directory in search of the dairy bearing that name. I never had brought in by automobile the little caps that closed the milk and cream bottles, but I could see by a casual glance that these bore the same name. When I left I boldly put my postcard to give to the address of the dairy they patronized. She laughed, gave me the name of their country place and said that all such supplies were brought in by automobile every day. How's that for up to date luxury?"

Fifth avenue has been abloom for the last three weeks with gardenias that are to be bought for 15 cents and less and are more beautiful specimens of their kind than the florists offer in winter for ten times as much. These white petalled, fragrant blooms are not in the class of the "lapsed florists" that have been down the scale from the hands of expensive dealers until they reach the sidewalk peddlers. The warm weather makes the gardenias bloom so abundantly that they are sold at a price that is almost a bargain. So, still fresh and spotless, they go from the growers to the boys that carry them along the avenue in such numbers. It is a pity that the florists would sell them for at least a dollar and a half.

"The other day I was steered into a restaurant where they not only charge for what you eat but for the time you take to eat it," said the city salesman. "A customer took me. Although I was not expected to foot the bill I looked over the prices according to habit and figured out that the cost of our modest meal would be 75 cents for two. A check was given us for \$1.10. I expected my friend to protest against the overcharge, but he apparently did not notice it. Such a ruinous financial policy was torture to my economical soul, however, and I called his attention to it. "Oh," said he, "that's all right. We've been here an hour and a half." "What difference does that make?" said I. "Whose business is it if we stay two times an hour and a half?" "The proprietor's," said he. "This restaurant is run by two little old maids who have hard work to get along. The prices are very low, the cooking is good, the place is popular. Every time I sit at the table beyond a reasonable time I crowd somebody else out and diminish the receipts of the house. Therefore if I dawdle over a meal it is only just that I pay." "So he paid quite cheerfully, but I shall shun that restaurant as a place where leisure comes too high for me."

On the platform of the Grand Central Station a boy stood guard over an unusually large bird cage in which swung an unusually large parrot. Many persons spoke to the bird. They said "Hello, Polly," and "Polly want a cracker?" while a few ventured on phrases more original if less polite. But Polly remained mute. Presently came a woman. She bent over the cage and spoke the familiar jargon. Then she bent up and shrieked out a string of "Hello's" that gave no sign of ending. The youthful custodian nearly toppled over.

"Say, Miss," said, "how'd you do it? That's the first time he has spoken in two years. He used to talk like a housewife, but after we brought him to New York he shut up and we couldn't get a peep out of him. What did you do to him?" But the woman was as much mystified as the boy at the bird's sudden loquacity. "I didn't do anything," she said. "A man standing near held out a card. 'That will tell you who I am,' he said. 'I am a dealer in birds. There is nothing strange about Polly speaking. Any bird will talk better at any time for a woman than they have literally eaten all the words there are some voices which particularly appeal to them.'"

Three men were returning to town from a day's visit to the neighboring rural districts, and they were all busy hunting each other over for small caterpillars as they stood on the deck of a ferryboat. The fussy man when he found one shot it viciously toward the carriage-way. One of the men seemed to have something of a naturalist's interest in the worms and looked each one over before snapping it to the ground. The third man, a contemplative planter, was even more leisurely. "I saw a very curious effect of these caterpillars to-day," he said. "I was standing in the woods looking over the water, which was very gray. You know how many thousands of these worms there are this year; in many places near here they have literally eaten all the foliage off the trees and may have killed some of them. Just in front of where I stood under the oak trees looking toward the water so many of the green worms had let themselves down by the thin webs that they spin and hung there suspended at different heights that I found myself exactly as though looking through one of those Japanese bamboo and bead screen curtains. The webs and the worms—which gave the effect of the beads—swayed slowly in the light breeze, and this gentle motion added to the illusion."

HOPP WOULD JOIN ALL ARTS

IN ONE GRAND CONGLOMERATION TO BOOST SOCIALISM.

He Propounds His Scheme, but Meets a Rebuff From Sadakichi Hartmann—He's Still Hoping for a Place Where Great Plays May Be Produced.

Julius Hopp sprang a new one last night when the comrades gathered at Coddington's-by-the-Elvedale, a place to organize all poets, painters, sculptors, actors and writers and desire to harpoon the Money Devil in the Socialists League of the Allied Arts. The comrades leaped at Mr. Hopp's idea with whoops of joy, but there were two that refused firmly to give Mr. Hopp a hand up. Sadakichi Hartmann and Jack the Rag turned Julius down cold. They couldn't see what Mr. Hopp asserted was the grandest idea he had ever turned loose for the relief of the downtrodden. Sadakichi hasn't always been chummy with some of the most earnest young Socialists. He went over to Helicon Hall one night before the fire drove Upton Sinclair and Upton's colony out of Jersey and got himself in bad by snuffing at Upton's table butter, which provoked Upton so sorely that he turned Sadakichi out into the snowy night.

Mr. Hopp hoped though that Sadakichi would take a ticket on the League of Allied Arts, but the hope was shattered on the arrival of a special delivery letter from Sadakichi. "Pardon me," wrote Sadakichi, "but I never attend a debate or public affair of any kind that is temperance in character. Am not liberal enough for that. Anyway no art society will be a go without drinks."

Mr. Hopp had no more than finished the letter when Jack the Rag appeared at Coddington's and presented a green ticket good for ten cents at the door which Julius had sent to his address at the Bowery-Westchester Club, where Jack is on the night mop shift. Mr. Rag is a member of the Bowery-Westchester Club Committee of One Hundred, which has offered J. B. G. Rinehart its services in the coming campaign to help clean up our city. Ever since he submitted a one-act play to Julius, a piece of dramatic work which displayed streaks of genius, Mr. Hopp has taken an interest in him. He hoped for Mr. Rag's support in the League of Allied Arts.

"Do I get a shell of beer out of it?" inquired Mr. Rag.

"There is for not one of us a single little drop," said Mr. Hopp. "They don't serve it here."

"Good night," said Jack the Rag and left hurriedly. However, Mr. Hopp put his idea over with a slam when these disturbing incidents had passed. He made a speech bursting like a peony with color and fragrance calling on the comrades to join the League of Allied Arts and press into the public mind the beautiful aspects of Socialism. When the league shall have been formed, Mr. Hopp went on, every one in Greater New York in whom flared the sacred fires of genius would come to Coddington's to give an audible down the scale from the hands of expensive dealers until they reach the sidewalk peddlers. The warm weather makes the gardenias bloom so abundantly that they are sold at a price that is almost a bargain. So, still fresh and spotless, they go from the growers to the boys that carry them along the avenue in such numbers. It is a pity that the florists would sell them for at least a dollar and a half.

Mr. Hopp believed that in time so many artistic souls would join that they could rent permanent quarters with stage and auditorium. They might produce their own plays there (enthusiastic applause) and interest important people with money. [Cheers.] Comrade Herman Bloch, introduced as "the art critic," said he had a little to do with life and art and that progress seemed to him to be needed along artistic lines. He was for the idea and told Mr. Hopp that he could be counted on night or day.

TENT GOSPEL CAMPAIGN.

Plans to Enlarge the Evangelistic Work This Summer.

Announcement was made yesterday morning at the Brick and Fifth Avenue Presbyterian churches and at the Collegiate Church, in Forty-eighth street, the three congregations which contribute the principal support of it, that the tent work of the evangelistic committee will begin in Manhattan this week and in the Bronx the following week. This is a fortnight earlier than usual, due, it was stated, to the larger interest in the work on the part of the public. Not all the centres are yet ready, and some may not be opened before the middle of July. The tents are to be at Tenth avenue and 109th street, Belmont avenue and 168th street, First avenue at 106th and at 113th, Eighth avenue and 146th, Tinton avenue and 183d street, and Spring and Canal streets. It is expected that two tents will be placed on the West Side. In addition there will be noon hour meetings in twenty-five shops, a great increase in this branch of effort over last year, when meetings were held in but two. It was said that this form of service costs least and reaches the best class of men.

The open air meetings will be continued in Union, Madison and Abington squares and at Fort George. The change of the Rev. William Wilkinson from the committee to Trinity parish will not, it is said, affect the status of the Wall Street work, nor does it lose the support of Grace Church, at Tenth and Broadway, which has heretofore paid the wages of the Wall Street evangelist. The new representative of Grace Church, under the name of Rev. Nelson P. Fame, who was on the staff last year. Many of the speakers of last year will be heard again this year.

The committee stated yesterday that it has not yet received all the \$40,000 which it wishes to spend this year. Unless it receives this sum many of the plans will have to be curtailed. Last year \$30,000 was raised, \$26,000 expended and there was a balance of \$4,000 to begin this year's work.

Bishop O'Connor Lays a Corner Stone.

Bishop John J. O'Connor of the Diocese of Newark officiated yesterday afternoon at the laying of the cornerstone for the new Our Lady of Mount Carmel Slavonic Roman Catholic Church on East Twenty-second street, Bayonne, N. J. The church will cost about \$80,000. The pastor is the Rev. Sigismund Swider.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

"Private and Personal Lives of the Queens of England" is a book written by a protégé of the late Queen Victoria, to whom free access to all state papers was granted. Among the incidents in the "Private Lives" are the real reasons why that much married king Henry VIII. divorced two wives and had two more beheaded; why a king and queen stood barefooted in the great hall of Westminster, the story of the queen who was disgraced in London as a cook, the dreadful warning that hung over the bed of Isabella of Angoulême and how the mere fact that the Duchess of Marlborough put on by mistake the queen's gloves changed the destinies of Europe.

The author of "Grieg and His Music" has had the privilege of using 400 unpublished letters written by Grieg to his two most intimate friends—Beyer and Röntgen—and there are a number of new pictures of the composer's Norwegian haunts and incidents of life. While the book is written in a popular style, the life of Grieg so much additional matter has been added that the book is twice the size of the original sketch. Four new chapters have been added, one of them containing Grieg's letters to Mr. Finck. There is also much new information about the popular work "Peer Gynt."

In a letter to Mr. Edward Clodd George Meredith wrote: "In this matter of letters I treat my friends as I wish they should treat me, and reserve not one for the public man. Horribly will I haunt the man who writes a memoir of me." No official biography has as yet been announced, but it is expected that the same Mr. Clodd to whom the above prohibition was written will furnish the biography, waiving the commands of the dead for the wishes of the living. Notes of Meredith's sayings have long been kept by Mr. Clodd. He was a close friend of the novelist, and if he has access to Meredith's correspondence, which was almost the sole literary labor of his later years, Mr. Clodd will no doubt write a valuable biography.

Baroness von Suttner's "Memoires" will soon be brought out in an English translation both in England and in America. The translation has been made by Nathan Haskell Dole. The Baroness is best known by her book "Lay Down Your Arms" ("Die Waffen Nieder"), for which she received the Nobel prize. She is president of the Austrian Peace Society and vice-president of the International Peace Bureau of Bern.

The devotees of the new ritual of bridge—auction or auction bridge—urge that the long popular game is doomed. The distinction of having originated auction is claimed by the Bath Club of London, but this claim is disputed in favor of "Siberia," a Russian game practically identical with the new form of bridge. Capt. H. Brown, "Siberia" of the Westminster Gazette, has issued a book called "Auction Bridge and How to Play It," from which the principles of the game may be learned. Auction calls for a different kind of skill from that required in bridge and has the peculiar faculty of never leaving a player in an utterly hopeless position, but adding the exciting feature of skilful betting in "making" and heavy penalties for failure to win the odd number of tricks specified in the "contract."

Jeannette Marks and her collaborator, Julia Moody, authors of "Little Busy-bodies," are both instructors at Mount Holyoke College. They say that their book was written with the determination that the child should not be bored. "We too have been children. We used to climb trees and turn somersaults. And we remember so well what it used to be like to have to learn dull things we did not wish to know. So we said to ourselves, as we looked over our spectacles at each other: 'No, they shall be told a single uninteresting fact; they shall be told, poor dears, as we were so long ago, before we put on spectacles and began to call ourselves 'wies.'"

The July Century will contain the second of the three anonymous "Thirteen at Table" stories. The title of this is "The Waiting Hand," and the story is based on a gruesome clause in an actual old New England will. The reader is left to guess whether Margaret Deland, Dr. Mitchell or Owen Wister is the author.

It is easy to understand why Ouida sold her papers on "The Woman Problem" to Lippincott's Magazine with the condition that they should not be published until after her death. After a quarter of a century they now appear and are still startlingly revolutionary. Ouida believes and urges that women's eagerness and determination to enter learned professions and the domain of politics and their willingness to become members of the "demimonde" arise from the same original source, i. e., the rebellion of women against the imprisonment of a monotonous and domestic career. "Discontent with poverty and monotony, desires for the gayeties of an unknown world, the passion for sumptuous attire which seems born in all women, the innate avarice, vanity, frivolity, greed of wealth and impatience of routine which are strong in so many uneducated and in not a few educated women—it is this that sends them to the haunts and habits of vice." * * * The same desires in womanhood which abhor privacy and domesticity lead on the one hand to the suffragist and on the other to Faustina and all her infamous sisterhood.

Anna A. Rogers, writing of "Some Faults of American Men" in the June Atlantic, urges that "the responsibility for the present humiliating slave trade in which rich American girls are sold to the titled descendants of Europe is almost wholly the fault of the men of this country." * * * If the truth were told most young American men are not especially interesting. They do not keep up their reading. They have a national obtuseness when it comes to music, to art, to literature. * * * The young among them are not good conversationalists. Their clearest men are monologists pure and simple. They are inevitable story tellers. None of this is conversation, and women like conversation, like it courteous, which at least pretend a little interest when their turn comes in the game.

The Princess Karadjia's "Towards the Light," which appeared in this country in the Bookman, created much enthusiasm when it originally appeared in Sweden, and it has been translated since into nearly every language of Europe. It is now to be brought out in book form. The author is the daughter of a Swedish merchant who married before she was 20 Prince Karadjia, the Turkish Envoy to the Swedish court. She occupied a prominent place at the different courts of Europe and lived for some time in London among people prominent in the world

of art and letters. When her husband's health failed they retired to an old castle in the mountains of Belgium. Left a widow at 29, she is devoting her time to the education of her children and to her literary work.

A monk and a man of the world is the terse characterization of "Antonio," Ernest Oldmixon's forthcoming novel. The hero was ordained "Father Antonio" in fulfillment of a compact made with the lonely writer during one of many long and intimate talks that he tells the world something of the poverty and loneliness and sadness from lack of appreciation that John Davidson suffered. "His work was literally everything to him," Mr. Young writes. "Because of it he chose for himself and his family bitter poverty and isolation where, had he chosen to use his splendid gifts in working to please others instead of himself, he might have earned enough to procure what would have been luxury for one of his simple tastes." * * * Every morning he worked at his desk tortured by the clamor of children who were sent out to yell in the slum behind his house; in the afternoon a walk alone through the streets of Penzance, which he loathed as his prison and knew would be his grave; later perhaps a walk with his wife, reading in the public library; another lonely walk and to bed. He had no money to make excursions, and no humor to make acquaintances. What is probably the last work of John Davidson, a collection of verses which will be published here under the title of "Fleet Street and Other Poems."

Mr. William Dean Howells, writing of Robert Herrick in the current North American Review, says: "If Mr. Herrick were older I should say he had learned from life how patient people are with disappointment in the larger rather than the smaller experiences and how beautiful and pathetic their resignation to fate is. As he is not an old man, but young enough to write many more excellent fictions, I must suppose that he divined the fate. What I should finally say of his work is that it is much more broadly based than that of any other American novelist of his generation." It is a graceful tribute paid by the dean of American novelists to a younger worker in the field. Mr. Howells further says "the work of the Chicago group to which Mr. Herrick belongs is so good that I like to recur to it better than to that of any other Americans now writing fiction."

Clement Shorter, the English literary gossip and critic, has said recently in his weekly literary letter to the Sphere that "the gulf which separates men and women will reach a crisis in the world when all men and all women are intelligent and well educated, when all have the vote, the women being in the majority. That gulf is exemplified by the appeal to erect a monument to Mme. de Staël on the part of distinguished French and distinguished English women. To these women apparently Mme. de Staël was a heroine. To most men in proportion to the extent in which they know her life story she was a quite odious person."

Mr. Alexander Irvine has written the story of his life, and it will follow Mr. Rockefeller's autobiography in "The World's Work" under the title of "From the Bottom Up." The first instalment describes his boyhood and early manhood in an Irish village. The second chapter tells of his life on a British man-of-war. The first world that Alexander Irvine knew was a world of hungry people and the first religious conviction he had was that they were hungry because they were wicked. The first knowledge of the comforts of cleanliness he got from the well cared for horses in the stables where he was funked by an Irish landed gentleman. He was 19 years of age before he could read, and then he enlisted, as the only way he could learn to read and write. Now at middle age he is lay minister in a fashionable New York church, an intimate friend of beggars, millionaires and scholars, and a member of the general committee of the Social party.

Some years ago when Ouida was at the zenith of her powers she wrote two articles dealing with subjects which at that time were agitating the minds of advanced women. These papers, which were entitled "Shall Women Vote" and "Love Versus Avarice," were sold to

the Lippincotts with the proviso, that they should not be published until after the author's death. The second of these articles, which is a frank analysis of the causes which make for social evil, appears in the June issue of Lippincott's Magazine. The essays seem to apply better to present conditions than to those existing when they were written.

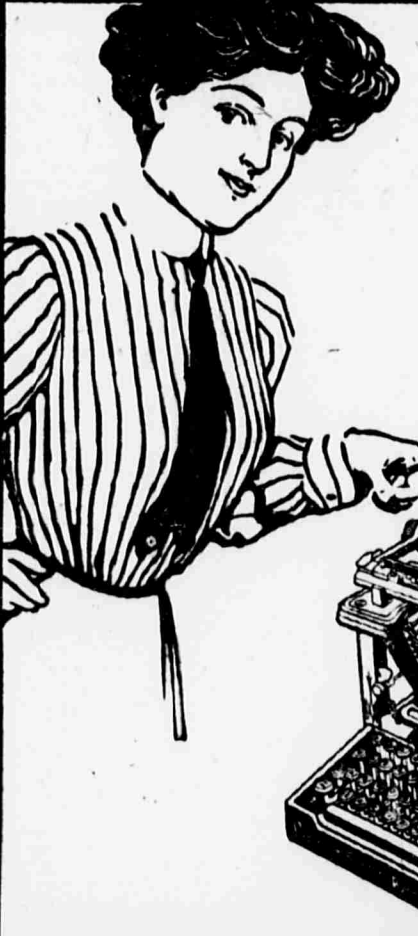
Filson Young, writing of John Davidson in the Saturday Review, says that it is in fulfillment of a compact made with the lonely writer during one of many long and intimate talks that he tells the world something of the poverty and loneliness and sadness from lack of appreciation that John Davidson suffered. "His work was literally everything to him," Mr. Young writes. "Because of it he chose for himself and his family bitter poverty and isolation where, had he chosen to use his splendid gifts in working to please others instead of himself, he might have earned enough to procure what would have been luxury for one of his simple tastes." * * * Every morning he worked at his desk tortured by the clamor of children who were sent out to yell in the slum behind his house; in the afternoon a walk alone through the streets of Penzance, which he loathed as his prison and knew would be his grave; later perhaps a walk with his wife, reading in the public library; another lonely walk and to bed. He had no money to make excursions, and no humor to make acquaintances. What is probably the last work of John Davidson, a collection of verses which will be published here under the title of "Fleet Street and Other Poems."

"Alcohol: Its Effect on the Individual Community and the Race," is an important study of alcohol and its influence by Henry Smith Williams, M. D., LL. D. The basis of the book is the matter contained in three articles recently published by McClure's Magazine, which attracted so much attention that they brought in more than a thousand letters of inquiry. To these articles Dr. Williams has added new material, including important tables which give the result of various experiments as to the effect of alcohol on the human system.

Dr. Edward T. Devine's new book furnishes, according to the editor of the American Social Progress Series, "a good illustration of the new social philosophy that takes account of causes as well as remedies, of preventive measures as well as relief, of community needs and standards as well as the welfare of the individual family." "Poverty and Maladjustment, Out of Work, Out of Health, Out of Friends, the Justice and Prosperity of the Future" outlines the analysis of social life based on wide personal observation which Dr. Devine presents.

A writer's method of working and ideals concerning his work are always of interest to those who read his books. The following letter written by Marion Crawford attests the author's conscientiousness in method and in business affairs. It was written to Mr. Shorter in 1902:

My dear Mr. S.: I have been remiss in not writing and must apologize for my silence, the more so as I know that I am causing you great inconvenience by not fulfilling my promise with regard to "The Harvest of the Sword." I can only say that it is no sense my fault; I cannot give you the book at all the time appointed. * * * I have worked at the manuscript unrelentingly for months. I began it four times. I have done everything in my power to write it and have done no other work since the first of August, and the result is so utterly unsatisfactory that after allowing the first three chapters to be sent to you I decided to cable and throw up the contract. It is the first time I have ever done such a thing and I am driven to it by the great difficulties of the subject and not by any neglect. I decline to allow a book so imperfect to go before the public while I am waiting that by renewed labor I may succeed in the end. * * * Yours very truly, MARION CRAWFORD.



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